

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,  
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,  
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speaks,  
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,  
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,  
To steale his sweet and honied Sentences:  
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,  
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique,  
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,  
Since his addition was to Courtes vaine,  
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,  
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;  
And neuer noted in him any studie,  
Any retyrement, any sequestration,  
From open Haunts and Populartie.

*B. Ely.* The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,  
And hollesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:  
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation  
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)  
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,  
Vnseene, yet cressie in his facultie.

*B. Cant.* It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:  
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,  
How things are perfected.

*B. Ely.* But my good Lord:  
How now for mitigation of this Bill,  
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie  
Incline to it, or no?

*B. Cant.* He seemes indifferent:  
Or rather swaying more vpon our part.  
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:  
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,  
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,  
And in regard of Causes now in hand,  
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,  
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,  
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet  
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

*B. Ely.* How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?

*B. Cant.* With good acceptance of his Maiestie:  
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,  
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine haue done,  
The leueralls and vnhidden passages  
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,  
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,  
Deri'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

*B. Ely.* What was th'impediment that broke this off?

*B. Cant.* The French Embassador vpon that instant  
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,  
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

*B. Ely.* It is.

*B. Cant.* Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:  
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,  
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

*B. Ely.* Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Humphrey, Bedford, Clarence,  
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*

*King.* Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

*Exeter.* Not here in presence.

*King.* Send for him, good Vnckle.

*Westm.* Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

*King.* Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,  
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,  
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

*Enter two Bishops.*

*B. Cant.* God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,  
And make you long become it.

*King.* Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,  
And iustly and religiously vnfold,  
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,  
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:  
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your readings  
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,  
With opening Titles miscreare, whose right  
Sutes not in natie colours with the truth:  
For God doth know, how many now in health,  
Shall drop their blood, in approbation  
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,  
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;  
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:  
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,  
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops  
Are euerie one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,  
Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,  
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.  
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:  
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heare,  
That what you speake, is in your Conscience wast,  
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

*B. Cant.* Then heare me gracious Soteraign, & you Peers,  
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,  
To this Imperiall Throne: There is no barre  
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,  
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,  
*In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant*,

No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:  
Which *Salike* Land, the French vnjustly gloze,  
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*,  
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.

Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,  
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,  
Betwene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:  
Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certaine French:  
Who holding in disdain the German Women,  
For some dishonnest manners of their life,  
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female  
Should be Inheritor in *Salike* Land:

Which *Salike* (as I said) twixt Elue and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.  
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law  
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:  
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,  
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres  
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,

Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,  
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great  
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere  
Eight hundred fife. Besides, their Writers say,  
King *Pepin*, which depos'd *Childerike*,  
Did as Heire Generall, being descended  
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,  
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France,  
*Hugh Capet* also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male  
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:  
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,  
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,  
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,  
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne  
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne  
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,  
Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,  
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,  
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,  
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,  
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Ioraine:  
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great  
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.  
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,  
King *Pepin* Title, and *Hugh Capet* Clayme,  
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare  
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:  
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.  
Howbeit, they would hold vp this *Salique* Law,  
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,  
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,  
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,  
Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.

*King.* May I with right and conscience make this claim?  
*Bish. Cant.* The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:  
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,  
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance  
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,  
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,  
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:  
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,  
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,  
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,  
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,  
Making defeat on the full Power of France:  
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp  
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.  
O Noble English, that could entertaine  
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,  
And let another halfe stand laughing by,  
All out of worke, and cold for action.

*Bish.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;  
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:  
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,  
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege  
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,  
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

*Exe.* Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth  
Doe all expect, that you should rowle your selfe,  
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might)  
*West.* They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and  
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England  
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,  
Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,  
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

*Bish. Cant.* O let their bodies follow my deare Liege  
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:  
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie  
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,  
As neuer did the Clergie at one time  
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

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